Human Resources – Part 1

(Sounds of other people in the background of an office.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Lucie?
(LUCIE MILLER mumbles.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Lucie?
(LUCIE MILLER reacts.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Did you drop off? Not used to being up early, are we?
LUCIE MILLER: Mm?
THE HEADHUNTER: Sorry I had to abandon you up here. Did someone get you a tea or a coffee?
LUCIE MILLER: You! Did *you* bring me here? Where is here?
THE HEADHUNTER: Coffee lounge, and yes I did. It was no trouble - you were on my way. Now, I've just popped downstairs and they've found a desk for you.
LUCIE MILLER: Where's the Doctor?
THE HEADHUNTER: What Doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: Er ... I don't know, I...
THE HEADHUNTER: I'll take you down to your desk. You're on the first floor.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Right, okay.
(Walking off. Door creaks.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hang on. Hulbert Logistics?
THE HEADHUNTER: What?
LUCIE MILLER: The poster on the wall, Hulbert Logistics. Is that where we are?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: I had an interview for a job here.
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes. You got it. Today's your first day.
LUCIE MILLER: That's right, I did get it, but ... then that all happened before...
THE HEADHUNTER: Before what?
LUCIE MILLER: Can't be right. What have I been doing since I got the job?
THE HEADHUNTER: You had to work out your notice at your old job.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Must be. Sorry, but you must think I'm really dozy, I just thought I'd been ... somewhere else.

(Inside the TARDIS control room. TARDIS in flight.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, come on, come on!
(Thump from machinery like a small explosion and TARDIS in flight noise stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh!
(Crash like something broken or thrown. Someone else approaches.)
STRAXUS: Having a spot of bother, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Where did you come from?
STRAXUS: Would you believe, the back door?
THE DOCTOR: No. Who are you?
STRAXUS: My name's Straxus. I've been sent by the High Council.
THE DOCTOR: Let's see some identification.
STRAXUS: Oh, come on, Doctor, surely you can recognise me as a Time Lord? I mean, I can recognise you, in spite of everything.
THE DOCTOR: ID, please.
(Papers passed over.)
STRAXUS: You've made rather a mess of things in here. Trying to bypass the isomorphic controls, were you?
THE DOCTOR: You were the ones who rigged my TARDIS so that it would only work with Lucie inside. Lucie has vanished, What else was I supposed to do?
STRAXUS: Lucie?
THE DOCTOR: The young lady you lot foisted on me.
STRAXUS: Oh, the human. That's why I'm here. We know where she is.
THE DOCTOR: You do?
STRAXUS: We're not sure exactly what happened, but she seems to have been pulled back to her natural place in Time. You should have contacted us in the first place.
THE DOCTOR: As you haven't been overly communicative recently, I thought it would be a waste of time. But now you're here, perhaps you could fix the TARDIS.

STRAXUS: We'll make a deal with you. You get her back for us, and we'll fix the TARDIS.
THE DOCTOR: I want you to fix the TARDIS so that *I* can go and get her back.
STRAXUS: Hmm. The thing is, we're not entirely convinced that you will.
THE DOCTOR: Of course I will. You said she needed to be pulled out for her own good. I don't want to...
STRAXUS: You may say that, but we'd like more of a guarantee. That's why the TARDIS stays here, and I give you this.
THE DOCTOR: A Time Ring?
STRAXUS: What's wrong with it?
THE DOCTOR: It's hardly the most dignified way to travel.
STRAXUS: This is the latest model. We've built in Vortex buffers. It's really very smooth.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, suppose it'll do. It's a bit bling for me, though. Why don't you just go and get her yourselves?
STRAXUS: Well ... she may be confused. We thought we'd send somebody she knows. But once you've got her, we'll take her off your hands. We'll make alternative arrangements.
THE DOCTOR: All right.
STRAXUS: And, er ... don't spend too long there, Doctor. It's a temporal black-spot. It isn't safe.
THE DOCTOR: How bad can it be?
(Dematerialisation.)
STRAXUS: I sincerely hope you don't find out.

(Background office, telephones ringing.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Everybody, this is Lucie. Lucie, this is everybody.
(People say "Hiya".)
LUCIE MILLER: Hiya.
THE HEADHUNTER: This is your desk opposite Karen. Karen, this is Lucie.
KAREN: We've already met.
LUCIE MILLER: Have we?
KAREN: We had our interviews on the same day.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, yeah. Yeah, I'd run most of the way from the Tube, but my hair was a mess and you lent me your mirror, didn't yer?
KAREN: Yeah, that was me. Ever the Good Samaritan.
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh.) I thought they were only interviewing for one position.
THE HEADHUNTER: We'll always find room for outstanding candidates, and they did feel you were both outstanding.
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh) I'd rather be out sitting. It's less tiring.
(LUCIE MILLER and KAREN laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: Can I sit down?
THE HEADHUNTER: Of course. Karen, can you show Lucie the ropes?
KAREN: Sure. The ropes are important. We use them to escape out the window when it all gets too hectic.
(LUCIE MILLER laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Or if you're just feeling a bit ropey.
(They laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: I bet they also come in useful for roping people into things they don't want to do. (Chuckles.)
KAREN: Careful, or I'll give you enough rope to hang yourself.
(They laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: Any more rope gags?
KAREN: Er - money for old rope? No, I think that's all I've got.
(LUCIE MILLER sighs.)
THE HEADHUNTER: Are you all right here, Lucie? I've got to head over to another branch. No rest for the wicked.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sure I'll be fine.
THE HEADHUNTER: Good. I'll check in with you when I get back.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: So, do you know what we're actually meant to be doing?
KAREN: Do you mind being thrown in at the deep end?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh - I love the deep end, as long as I've got me goggles.
(They chuckle. Door closes behind The Headhunter in the background.)

KAREN: I could do with some help circulating these reports. There's a big round of planning meetings on later, and everyone's got to know the latest from other regions.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay. Throw me in.

(Long number phone dialling tone.)
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Hello?
THE HEADHUNTER: Hello, it's me.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) I know it's you. I do have caller display, you know. I had expected you to report back earlier than this.
THE HEADHUNTER: It took longer than I thought it would. She'd hooked up with a time traveller.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Time traveller?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes. Nobody special.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) So she wasn't poached by another company?
THE HEADHUNTER: No. I think she just got lost on the way and this traveller fellow found her. You're lucky I'm equipped to search Space *and* Time.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Is this going to cost more than your original quote?
THE HEADHUNTER: A little, yes.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Hmm. I'm still convinced she wasn't snatched away deliberately. I've never lost one like that before.
THE HEADHUNTER: You're just bothered because you've hired a rather expensive Headhunter to track down a lowly data entry clerk for you.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) A lowly data entry clerk with strong prospects. Her aptitude scores were top-drawer. So did you put her through the induction process?
THE HEADHUNTER: Yes, I followed your instructions. She was rather confused at first.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) That always happens. I wish I had time to assess her myself, but I'm rather tied up at the moment. She just needs to interact with the others a bit and she'll normalise in no time.
THE HEADHUNTER: I'll check how she's settling in later.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) There's no need.
THE HEADHUNTER: It's all part of the service.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Thank you. Invoice me this afternoon and you'll have your fee in your account within three days.
THE HEADHUNTER: And the commission?
TODD HULBERT: (phone) We'll review her performance in six months and your bonus will be based on that, which is what we agreed.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh, I'm not complaining. It's very generous.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) I know. Thankfully I can afford to be generous.

(Struggling with window catch.)
KAREN: What are you doing?
LUCIE MILLER: Trying to open the window, let a bit of air in. Aren't you warm?
KAREN: They never get the air conditioning right. You just get used to it. Could be worse. A couple of months back the boiler broke and we were all sitting here in our coats.
LUCIE MILLER: I thought there were laws about that, like they had to send you home if the heating went down.
KAREN: Maybe, but if we go home it's not like the work will do itself. Have you finished sending those reports round?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah.
KAREN: Nice one. It's going to get seriously hectic round here this afternoon. The more you can get done ahead of time, the better.
LUCIE MILLER: What time is it now?
KAREN: Just gone eleven.
LUCIE MILLER: Is that all? God. This morning's dragged on a bit.
KAREN: Well, time flies when you're having fun.
LUCIE MILLER: Do you want to pop outside for a minute?
KAREN: What for?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know, just take a break. Get some fresh air.
KAREN: No, I don't think so.
LUCIE MILLER: Suit yourself. If anyone asks, tell them ... that I'm having a cigarette.

KAREN: Do you smoke?
LUCIE MILLER: No. But they don't know that.
(Office telephone ring.)
KAREN: Hello, Lucie Miller's phone? ... No, I'm afraid you've just missed her, she's gone out for a cigarette. ... Er, no, apparently she does. Why, do you know her? ... Oh. Can I take a message? ... Uh-huh. ... Okay, I'll tell her when she gets back.
(Phone receiver replaced.)

(Trying to open something that is locked.)
LUCIE MILLER: Excuse me? Hello?
(Animal-like grunt - this is CLIVE.)
LUCIE MILLER: Are you the security guy?
(Another grunt to indicate yes from CLIVE.)
LUCIE MILLER: Why are the doors locked?
(Grunt of reply from CLIVE.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. It's like that, is it? Look, can I ... pop out for a cigarette?
(Grunt from CLIVE.)
LUCIE MILLER: Is that a yes or a no?
(Louder grunt from CLIVE.)
LUCIE MILLER: All right, forget it. Thanks. You've been a real ray of sunshine.
(Walking off.)

(Office. KAREN chuckling.)
JERRY: What's funny?
KAREN: Oh, just a private joke, Mr Cooper. You wouldn't be interested.
JERRY: I told you. I don't know who this Mr Cooper bloke is. I'm Jerry.
(Electronic sound of tannoy announcer.)
MALE VOICE: Attention all personnel. Fresh sandwiches are now available from the vending machine in the staff lounge.
JERRY: Oh, I heard a rumour they're bringing in some crab paste sarnies today. I'll believe it when I see it, though. (Sigh.) I hate this time of year. No Christmas left to look forward to. You just want it to be Summer, don't you?
KAREN: I don't really like the Summer all that much. I can never find any decent clothes.
(Door opening in background.)
JERRY: No, I bet you love it, getting to show your figure off.
KAREN: No, not really.
JERRY: Did you circulate those reports?
KAREN: Yeah, me and Lucie ... Oh, this is her now.
JERRY: Lucie, hi, I've been meaning to touch base with you.
LUCIE MILLER: Touch what?
JERRY: But it's a mad-house round here, isn't it?
LUCIE MILLER: Who are you?
JERRY: Sorry. Jerry Cooper. Head of Operations here at Telford.
LUCIE MILLER: Telford?
JERRY: Yeah, this is my domain, as it were.
LUCIE MILLER: Right. Well, good to meet you, Mr Cooper.
JERRY: Please, just Jerry.
LUCIE MILLER: If you say so.
JERRY: I do all the time, but cloth-ears Karen here doesn't seem to take it on board, eh Karen?
KAREN: No, Mr Cooper.
JERRY: She's a joker, you've got to watch her. Karen was just saying you've already got on the case with those reports.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah. It wasn't that hard with both of us on it.
JERRY: Nice one, girls. You go, girls. Anyway, I've got poles to grease and oxes to grind, so ... I'll catch you ladies at a later date.
LUCIE MILLER: Did he say he had oxes to grind?
KAREN: Yeah. He seems to think it means working hard. Nobody's had the heart to correct him.
LUCIE MILLER: And he's the boss?
KAREN: Just got promoted last month. He's all right really, just a bit annoying. And sexist from time to time. And a bit ... well, no, that's not fair, he isn't racist really. He just sometimes says

embarrassing things.
LUCIE MILLER: Did he say this was the *Telford* office?
KAREN: Yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: That's weird. I thought ... Oh.
KAREN: Oh, by the way. Someone in Planning rang for you. His PA's had an accident doing Tai Chi and he won't be in for a month.
LUCIE MILLER: How can you have an accident that bad doing Tai Chi?
KAREN: Some fat bloke in her class tripped and fell on her. Anyway, this guy says you're being seconded to him.
LUCIE MILLER: What? If I'd wanted to be a PA, I'd have applied for a PA's job.
KAREN: Don't shoot the messenger, babe.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry. What do you know about him? Is he all right?
KAREN: I've never heard of him. He must be new. He's in 3G.
LUCIE MILLER: Er - what, where or who is 3G?
KAREN: Two floors up, down the long corridor, fifth door on the right.
LUCIE MILLER: Right. See you later, I suppose.
KAREN: Try and get some gossip from upstairs.

(Tannoy signal.)
MALE VOICE: Attention all personnel. Could staff please be more careful when chewing chewing-gum whilst operating the photocopier? If gum becomes stuck to the platen glass this does tend to inhibit the functioning. Thank you.

(Typing on keyboard. Knocks on a door.)
THE DOCTOR: Come in.
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Ah, Lucie. Do me a favour. Stare into the light.
(Whirring of device.)
LUCIE MILLER: What?
THE DOCTOR: Into the light. Isn't it pretty? Ignore the noise, just let it wash over you.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh...
THE DOCTOR: And wake up.
(Whirring stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Now, how do you feel?
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, it's me. Hello.
LUCIE MILLER: (gasp) It all really happened, then? Oh, thank God. I thought I'd imagined it all, with the Daleks and the Tomorrow Twins and Phobos and all that.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, you were brainwashed.
LUCIE MILLER: What is that thing?
THE DOCTOR: This? It's just something I put together out of some odds and ends and the sonic screwdriver. A sort of sensory shake-up to bring you back to reality.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, this is so weird. You know how before the Time Lords snatched me away, I'd just got a new job, yeah?
THE DOCTOR: Is this where you were supposed to be working?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. And a couple of hours ago I woke up at a table in the coffee lounge, and the woman who took me away from the Zimmerman's house...
THE DOCTOR: What woman?
LUCIE MILLER: Glammed-up woman in a business suit, posh voice. Well, she showed me to my desk and I just started working. And the more I thought about you and the TARDIS, the more I thought I'd had a Wizard Of Oz moment and dreamt it all.
THE DOCTOR: In glorious Technicolor. Which one was I, the - the scarecrow? No, the dog. Oh, not one of those evil flying monkeys...
LUCIE MILLER: Shut up, I'm serious. Whenever something here didn't make sense, somebody explained and ... I just accepted it. Like, the whole point of going for this job was that it was in London. See, I was going to move down and live with my friend Amanda from school, but apparently, we're in Telford.
THE DOCTOR: Mm, well, I know Telford isn't the most desirable place to work, but it seems a little extreme to brainwash your staff into accepting it.
LUCIE MILLER: So how long have you been here?

THE DOCTOR: About an hour.
(LUCIE MILLER faint gasp.)
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, I'd have come up and got you straight away but I got caught up. Bumped into somebody on the way down, I bluffed them into thinking I worked here, and it all escalated until I ended up with full employment record and my own office.
LUCIE MILLER: And a new suit.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah. Do you like it?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Grey's a nice colour on you.
THE DOCTOR: There's a supply cupboard full of clothes, which is unusual. I imagine that's where your outfit came from too.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah!
THE DOCTOR: Anyway, you're my PA now.
(Clicks fingers.)
THE DOCTOR: Take a letter, Miss Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: Er, I'll take four letters and make a word out of them if you're not careful. So - they're just treating you like you work here?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, they've even told me to attend a meeting this afternoon.
LUCIE MILLER: What about?
(Tapping.)
THE DOCTOR: Planning.
LUCIE MILLER: Planning what?
THE DOCTOR: Doesn't say. It's being chaired by Jerry Cooper.
LUCIE MILLER: I've met him.
THE DOCTOR: Really? Know anything useful about him?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. He's a chump.

(Lifting receiver, typing in number, ringing tone.)
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Hello?
JERRY: Mr Hulbert, sir. I hope you're well.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Yeah, yeah, sorry, but could you...
JERRY: I just called to let you know that we're all raring to go for this afternoon, sir.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Right. It's your first big deal, flying solo, eh? Well, we're all counting on you.
JERRY: You can count on me up to a million, sir.
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Excellent. Look, sorry Jerry, I can't really talk right now, I'm a bit tied up. Later, yah?
JERRY: Oh. Er, okay. Cheerio, Mr Hulbert.
(Receiver replaced.)
JERRY: That's the key to great business. Man management. Knowing where to draw the line.

(Receiver replaced.)
TODD HULBERT: Sorry about that. Now, about this...
(Alien voice speaking indignantly.)
TODD HULBERT: Well, I'm sorry you feel that way, but I really prefer not to take on that sort of work.
(Alien sentence, question.)
TODD HULBERT: Well, naturally. Everything's negotiable. But you do have to understand, the risks would be reflected in the price.
(Alien sentence.)
TODD HULBERT: Well, of course you could engage another operator for less. You pay for quality.
(Angry alien reply.)
TODD HULBERT: Look, take it or leave it! But I warn you, if you draw that scimitar, I will call Security.
(Single word alien reply of grudging acceptance.)

THE DOCTOR: It's a bit odd this place, isn't it?
LUCIE MILLER: I'll say. Have you tried opening your window yet?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, it didn't, so I tried smashing it with a fire extinguisher. I don't think we're supposed to be able to get out.

LUCIE MILLER: No kidding.
THE DOCTOR: Why do you always resort to sarcasm?
LUCIE MILLER: It's my super-power. I am Sarcasmo, woman of sarcasm. My enemies are struck down by my barbs of steel.
THE DOCTOR: Your what?
LUCIE MILLER: Barbs. Barbed comments?
(THE DOCTOR grunts.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Is the TARDIS around?
THE DOCTOR: No, it wouldn't move without you. A rather smug Time Lord popped up and gave me a Time Ring to get here, and he said to come straight back.
LUCIE MILLER: But you didn't.
THE DOCTOR: No. Something's not right here. Lots of things aren't right here. Are the others brainwashed, or conspiring against you specifically? Why are we locked in? Why did the Time Lords tell me that this was a temporal black-spot, when as far as I can see it's nothing of the sort?
LUCIE MILLER: (chuckles) I feel like you're going to say, "tune in next week to find out."
THE DOCTOR: Stuff that. Let's find out now. What do you say?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, go on. I've not got much on.
(Bleep from computer.)
THE DOCTOR: That's to tell me I should be in my meeting already.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, can I come?
THE DOCTOR: No, no, we'll learn more if we split up. They gave me a phone. I've made some modifications, so you should be able to reach me wherever. The number's on my card, see?
(Card passed to her.)
LUCIE MILLER: They gave you cards?
THE DOCTOR: These are the expensive ones, apparently. Bone colouring with raised Silian Rail type.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, fancy. So, where should I go?
THE DOCTOR: Back downstairs. You've been temporarily de-seconded.

(Office background. Tannoy signal.)
MALE VOICE: Attention all personnel. The lights have gone in all the gents' toilet facilities on the second floor. Please use the facilities on an alternative floor, or a toilet with its own exterior window. That is all.

KAREN: Oh, you're back.
(Walking over to her.)
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, he doesn't need me right now. He's in a meeting. I thought you said it was going to be hectic down here this afternoon.
(Bleep on computer.)
KAREN: You jinxed it.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
KAREN: Email from Planning in Stoke. The co-ordinates are coming through.
LUCIE MILLER: Co-ordinates?
KAREN: I'll print these out for you. The grids are all marked up, you just have to put the numbers into lock-track and let it built a real-time simulation while we wait for our Planning people to tell us what their action is.
LUCIE MILLER: What's lock-track?
KAREN: It's a logistics application, on your desktop there, to the right. It's fairly self-explanatory.
LUCIE MILLER: It had better be.

(Muttered conversations.)
JERRY: We're not quite all here, but I think perhaps we should just begin.
(Conversation dies down.)
JERRY: First of all we have apologies for absence from Phil Murphy, Patricia Sawyer...
(Door opens. Walking in.)
THE DOCTOR: Am I late?
JERRY: We'd only just started. It's John, erm, Smith, isn't it?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Although most people call me Doctor.
JERRY: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Nickname from when I was at the LSE. I, er, transferred from doing Medicine at Kings. Couldn't stand the hours. Not enough of them, eh?
(Laughter from group.)
JERRY: I'm Jerry Cooper, Head of the Telford office, and these are the Planning boys.
TWO GIRLS: Oi!
JERRY: Sorry, boys and girls. Take a seat.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
JERRY: Right, er, we've been sent a report from Stoke to action. The ball's in our court, so it's up to us not to drop it. Can you flick the lights off, Paula?
(Click of light switch. Humming.)
JERRY: What we're focussing on today is this. An underground enemy stronghold where they're keeping back-up troops in cold storage, yeah? Now, we reckon they're looking to catch our lot by surprise when there's a lull, and Stoke office reckons it's about a mile underground, and we don't want to actually send anybody in if we can avoid it to keep the costs down.
MAN: (laugh) Cheapskate.
JERRY: Less of that, Steve. Now, in the first instance I suggest we pair off and chew it over, then come back and hammer out a strategy. Doctor, why don't you work with me. I'll help you get up to speed on what it is that we do here.
(Click of light switch as he finishes speaking.)
THE DOCTOR: I think I'm keeping pace so far, but thanks.
(Conversation from the others.)
JERRY: Any questions, Doctor, or shall we crack on?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, is this the type of thing you normally do here?
JERRY: Basically. I mean, the fact of it being underground adds a little spice, but ... that's why this has been knocked down to us. Telford has a reputation for thinking outside the box.
THE DOCTOR: Well, of course. That's why I wanted to come here.
JERRY: So, any thoughts?
THE DOCTOR: Er ... what sort of resources have you got access to?
JERRY: Tell me what you've got in mind and I'll tell you if it's feasible.
THE DOCTOR: If you want a clean strike, I'd suggest a focused sonic wave. Have you, erm, got anything like that?
JERRY: Yeah, I see where your head's at. I mean, we've worked with those sorts of tools before, but they are a bit crazy, not very precise. I'm not sure how we'd apply it at the kind of depth we're talking about.
THE DOCTOR: Is the site defended?
JERRY: Not from the outside. They're trying not to draw attention to it, that's why we need to press home the advantage.
THE DOCTOR: Could you cut a narrow tunnel with a laser?
JERRY: Probably.
THE DOCTOR: You could focus a wave through that, and disable them. Then you could win the battle without actually killing anyone.
JERRY: Ah, yeah. Yeah, we could even get Manufacturing to knock us up a soundproof tube, slide it in, minimise local damage, the clients will like that. Slick thinking.
THE DOCTOR: Just doing my job.

(Office sounds in background. Typing on keyboard.)
KAREN: How are you getting on with those co-ordinates?
LUCIE MILLER: Nearly done this page.
KAREN: Oh. Well, wipe 'em off.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Why?
KAREN: We've got new data coming through.
(Paper rustling.)
LUCIE MILLER: How do I wipe the old data off?
KAREN: Click "Edit" and choose "Clear All."
(Deep bleep sound.)
LUCIE MILLER: It says it's protected.
(Further deep bleep sounds.)
KAREN: IT should have given you permission. Use my password to over-ride it.
LUCIE MILLER: What's your password?
KAREN: Petit Pois Eighty-Two.

(LUCIE MILLER chuckles. Echoing voice.)
KAREN: Is it working now ... Is it working now ... Is it working now ... Lucie ... Lucie ... Are you all right, babe? ... Are you all right, babe? ... Are you all right, babe?
(Echo stops.)
KAREN: Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: What was that?
KAREN: What was what?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Nothing. I think I'm getting a migraine.
KAREN: Did you put it in right? No spaces, all one word, capital P both times.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Now it's working. Oh. Staring at these charts is making my eyes go weird. You want a coffee?
KAREN: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Coffee. You want one?
KAREN: Lucie, I'm not being funny, but we really need to turn these round in about twenty minutes.
LUCIE MILLER: We'll get it done. Relax. It's not the end of the world.

JERRY: Good work, guys. Don't wander off too far. If the deal stalls I might need to pick your brains again.
(Muttering from the others, one talking about "the main figures".)
JERRY: Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Yes?
JERRY: Dynamite stuff. You knocked that one out the park. You'll be after my job next.
THE DOCTOR: I assure you I won't.
JERRY: No, I know, it's mine. But we should touch base later, see what you can contribute to our overall strategy.
THE DOCTOR: Nothing would please me more. So, what happens now?
JERRY: Well, I'll have my PA send the minutes down to Admin, and they'll package it up, action it and see what come...
(Ring tone of mobile phone.)
JERRY: Sorry, I should take this. Yeah? ... Well, that shouldn't be a problem. Just call the Reading office and fill them in. ... Ah. Yeah, that is a problem. Erm, yeah, put me through to the boys in 2D. Sorry about this.
THE DOCTOR: Don't fret, I'm fine.
JERRY: Kieran Sydullah, as I live and breathe. How's life treating you, my good man? ... Good, good. Listen. Is the plasma cannon fully charged? We might be looking at a rearguard action situation. ... Reading's all tied up in red-tape? Yeah, I know, as per usual. Sound like something you can handle? ... Echelente. Cheers, Kieran.
(Bleep of phone. Sigh of JERRY.)
JERRY: You met Kieran?
THE DOCTOR: Not yet.
JERRY: (laugh) He's the funniest guy. He has that team of us in stitches, and, erm - what was I saying? Oh yeah, look. When this deal's gone through, we should make some time to touch base.
THE DOCTOR: I can always make time.

(Office, background phone ringing, tapping on keyboard.)
LUCIE MILLER: There's a coffee for yer.
(Cup put down.)
KAREN: Thanks, Luce.
LUCIE MILLER: Did I miss anything?
KAREN: Yeah, actually. The action plan came down from Planning.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, I should probably be getting on with that, shouldn't I?
KAREN: Ideally, yes. I've put all the stuff on your desk.
LUCIE MILLER: Right, sorry.
(Telephone.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hello, Admin? Lucie Miller speaking.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Is that your telephone voice?
LUCIE MILLER: This isn't actually a great time. Can I call you back?
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Oh. All right, erm ... I'll come straight up if you like.

LUCIE MILLER: Right. I shouldn't be long.
(Phone receiver replaced.)

(Office background. Tannoy signal.)
MALE VOICE: All staff wishing to participate in the office fantasy football tournament are reminded to send their entry fee to Tony Stein by the end of the week. Tony says that contrary to popular belief, not all the good players have gone already. Apparently you can still get Phil Neville.

(Noise of shredder. Tapping on door.)
THE DOCTOR: Come in.
(Creak of door as shredder stops, walking in.)
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing?
THE DOCTOR: Shredding.
LUCIE MILLER: Shredding what?
THE DOCTOR: Whatever I can find.
LUCIE MILLER: Why?
THE DOCTOR: I'm hoping it might annoy somebody. You can find out a lot by being annoying. What were you busy with?
LUCIE MILLER: Data entry.
THE DOCTOR: Tell me about it.
LUCIE MILLER: Quite bizarre. It was all co-ordinates and stuff.
THE DOCTOR: Co-ordinates?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. I had to read them off these marked-up maps that had been sent over from another office, in Stoke, they said.
THE DOCTOR: We were working on information from Stoke, but it was to help us knock out some sort of military stronghold.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, sounds a bit different from your usual planning meeting.
THE DOCTOR: Quite. But the way they talked about it, it was as though they were discussing strategies for expanding their client base or something.
LUCIE MILLER: What do you think? Are they all mental?
THE DOCTOR: I did wonder, but I suspect it's not that simple. I chipped in my two penneths to see how they'd react, I didn't think they'd have a clue what I was talking about.
LUCIE MILLER: What happened?
THE DOCTOR: They loved it.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh!
THE DOCTOR: I'm a little disturbed, to be honest. These maps - do you still have any?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. They're on my desk downstairs. Why, have you run out of stuff to stick in your shredder?
THE DOCTOR: They might tell us something.
LUCIE MILLER: I'll go get them now. Somebody might already have binned them, though.
(Tannoy signal.)
MALE VOICE: Attention all personnel. The deal has gone through. Good work, everybody.
LUCIE MILLER: I keep hearing about the deal. What is it?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, but the more I think about it, the more I think we are not going to like it when we find out.

KAREN: You can't do this. Haven't you got to give me a written warning first or something?
JERRY: I'm sorry, but you're still in your probationary period. You made an error that put a major deal at risk and you refuse to accept responsibility for it.
KAREN: I'm not saying I don't accept responsibility...
JERRY: If it was up to me, it wouldn't be a straight dismissal, but it's not up to me.
KAREN: What do you mean, it's not up to you? You're the boss.
JERRY: Yeah, but the company guidelines are very clear on this.
(Door opened.)
JERRY: You can look them up on the intranet if you don't believe me. Well actually, you can't, because I've already told IT to shut down your account, but you can get a copy from Human Resources.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't mind me.
KAREN: I don't give a stuff about the company guidelines.

JERRY: Well, I think that's exactly the problem, don't you? We have a respect gap issue.
KAREN: This isn't fair.
JERRY: Life isn't fair. Although actually what I'm doing now *is* fair.
LUCIE MILLER: What's going on?
KAREN: I'm being fired, that's what.
LUCIE MILLER: What for?
KAREN: I put some numbers in the wrong column.
LUCIE MILLER: Is that all? Well, anybody can make a mistake.
JERRY: It stalled everything at a vital moment.
LUCIE MILLER: That's ridiculous. You treat people like that and you'll have half a dozen lawsuits on your hands inside a day.
KAREN: I can't afford a lawyer.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, go with one of those no win, no fee companies who advertise in the middle of Richard And Judy. They'll lap it up. My Auntie Pat got four grand out of the council after an accident with a hedge-trimmer. It's not hard.
JERRY: It's standard policy.
LUCIE MILLER: Look, it was my fault as much as hers. I was distracting her, asking her stupid questions 'cause it's my first day.
JERRY: So you put the deal at risk as well?
LUCIE MILLER: I suppose, yeah.
JERRY: Right. Right. You're fired too.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
(Dialling tone.)
JERRY: Hello, Clive?
(Rasping breathing from phone.)
JERRY: Could you come up to Admin and escort Miss Miller and Miss Coltrane from the building, please.
(Rasping reply. Receiver replaced.)
JERRY: I really am sorry to have to do this.
KAREN: Oh, do me a favour and drop the nice guy act.
(Door opened.)
JERRY: Ah, that'll be Clive.
(Animal-like breathing.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Hello again.
KAREN: We don't need your lackey to escort us out, we'll go quietly...!
(Her voice ends in a cry, roar from CLIVE, gasp from LUCIE MILLER.)
JERRY: Ta, Clive. Do you need me to hold the door for you?
(Grunts from CLIVE, groans from LUCIE MILLER.)
JERRY: I'm more than happy to give you a reference, Karen. Not you though, Lucie. Fair's fair, you've only been here a day.

(Grunts from CLIVE, walking along a floor.)
LUCIE MILLER: Karen, does this sort of thing happen a lot here?
KAREN: Not that I've noticed.
LUCIE MILLER: And are you generally pretty observant?
KAREN: I like to think so.
(Three grunts by CLIVE while pressing three buttons. Door slides open, CLIVE growls.)
LUCIE MILLER: Look Clive, I know I asked you about the door earlier, but ... I'm suddenly less keen on going outside...
(Roar from CLIVE, cries of LUCIE MILLER and KAREN dying away as though they are going down a chute, thump as they reach the bottom. Gasping for breath from the two.)
LUCIE MILLER: Karen, are you okay?
KAREN: I think so. What is all this, where are we?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't think we're in Telford any more.
KAREN: Oh my God! Is that what the office looks like from the outside?
LUCIE MILLER: Must be. We must have fallen out of that hatch there. Weird.
KAREN: What the hell's going on?
(Rumbling noise.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's it doing now?
KAREN: Don't ask me.

LUCIE MILLER: The whole thing's rising up. (Gasps.) It's got legs and arms. Look, it's like a massive robot, the whole office.
KAREN: Have I hit my head or something?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes.
KAREN: So I'm just concussed and hallucinating, then, that's a relief.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no. I think this is all real. But you have hit your head - it's bleeding. Have you got a tissue?
KAREN: I left my handbag in there.
LUCIE MILLER: Here, look, I've got one. Now, don't panic.
KAREN: I'm not panicking.
LUCIE MILLER: Good. I'm going to call a friend of mine.
(Dialling number. There are sounds in the background like explosions as though a war is going on.)
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, it's me.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Where are you? That doesn't sound like the office.
LUCIE MILLER: No, I'm with Karen from Admin.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Oh yes, we spoke on the phone.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, well ... we had a set-to with the boss and got fired. Watch out for him, he's a right old...
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Where are you now?
LUCIE MILLER: We're outside. You are not going to believe this.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) I probably will - when you've seen as many odd things as I have, you tend to become rather credulous.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, all right. It doesn't look anything like Earth. It's a dry, scrubby jungle. The sky is purple and it's cold, but - that's not the mad bit. I saw the office from the outside, and ... well, it's not an office.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Well, what is it?
LUCIE MILLER: A sort of ... great big robot with weapons coming off it.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Great big robot?
LUCIE MILLER: Yep.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Are you sure about this?
LUCIE MILLER: I'll take a picture with my phone before it gets too far away. Call me back when you get it.
(Phone bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's huge, isn't it? I can hardly get it all in.
(Mobile phone takes picture. Bleeps.)
LUCIE MILLER: How's your head?
KAREN: It doesn't seem to have gone too deep.
LUCIE MILLER: Good.
KAREN: You seem to be taking all this in your stride.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah well, recently my stride's got a bit longer than it used to be.
(Mobile phone jaunty ring tone.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hello?
THE DOCTOR: (phone) All right, great big robot with weapons coming off it is a fair and accurate description.
LUCIE MILLER: I can see more of them off in the distance.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Lucie, it doesn't look safe out there. I'll come and get you.
LUCIE MILLER: No. I think you have to get fired to get out and then you won't be able to get back in again. Look, the people in there didn't build these robots, did they?
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Seems unlikely.
LUCIE MILLER: So there must be someone else controlling them. You should stay in there and find out who, and why. Don't go chasing after us.
THE DOCTOR: (phone) Are you sure?
LUCIE MILLER: We'll be fine. I'll see you later.
(Bleep of phone disconnection.)
KAREN: So what now?
LUCIE MILLER: Let's find some cover.
(Running off.)

JERRY: Recent substantial quantum leaps in the quality of our blue skies thinking coupled with...
(Knocks on door.)
JERRY: Come in.
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello.
JERRY: Er, sit down, I'll be with you in a minute. Coupled with the recently-implemented structural overhaul that has led to freer dissemination of information and a trickle-down effect that creates a more consistent application of our corporate strategy at all levels.
(Dictation machine turned off.)
JERRY: You know what I was working on there?
THE DOCTOR: Er, no.
JERRY: Drafting an action plan for the other regional offices to convey what it is that's made us the most efficient in the company.
THE DOCTOR: Really?
JERRY: Absolutely. Between you and me though, I don't think it'll do them much good.
THE DOCTOR: Why not?
JERRY: Well, it's not what we do, it's who we are. We've got the best people. I'd like to take the credit but I can't. Except in my capacity as a motivator and facilitator. But I just bring out what's in people already.
THE DOCTOR: Right, that's sort of what I wanted to talk to you about.
JERRY: Oh?
THE DOCTOR: I heard you just fired that new girl, the Northern one.
JERRY: Oh yeah, Lisa...
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
JERRY: Yeah, shame, but she wasn't a team player. It's the best thing for everyone, let her seek new opportunities outside the company.
THE DOCTOR: Right, it's just that I had her on attachment as my PA.
JERRY: Oh, sorry, I didn't realise. How come?
THE DOCTOR: Mine had an accident in her Tai-Chi class.
JERRY: Oh yeah, I heard about that. Sounded nasty.
THE DOCTOR: You should have seen her. Anyway, I wondered if I could get a replacement.
JERRY: Sure, I'll get onto Human Resources about it.
THE DOCTOR: Human Resources. They bring in new employees, yes?
JERRY: Yeah, they may well be interviewing today, actually.
THE DOCTOR: Do you ever sit in on the interviews?
JERRY: No, no, we've got a team down there with qualifications in staffology and stuff. They know what they're doing, we'd just be getting in the way.
THE DOCTOR: Where is Human Resources?
JERRY: Ground floor, just next to Reception. Erm, you've never been there?
THE DOCTOR: No.
JERRY: Oh. Well ... you should have done on your first day. Maybe they were on an away day when you arrived?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, that's probably it. Erm, maybe I should go down and make sure they've crossed all the i's and dotted all the t's?
JERRY: Probably a good idea.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. We don't want anything to be out of place, do we?

(Running outside.)
KAREN: I'm still okay.
LUCIE MILLER: I didn't ask whether you were.
KAREN: No, but I still am.
LUCIE MILLER: I'd explain what's going on, but - I'm not altogether sure myself.
KAREN: Got any guesses?
(Running stops.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well, for a kick off, we seem to be on an alien planet...
KAREN: Okay.
LUCIE MILLER: In the middle of a war.
KAREN: So what do you suggest?
LUCIE MILLER: Find whoever's winning and make friends with them?

(Whining.)
KAREN: What is that?
LUCIE MILLER: Mini-spaceship, like. Hope he's not a kamikaze pilot.
KAREN: Run?
LUCIE MILLER: Run.
MALCOLM: You two! Get in here, quickly!
KAREN: Hang on.
LUCIE MILLER: A hatchway. Hatchway is cover, cover is good. Come on!
(Running.)
LUCIE MILLER: I hope he's on our side.
KAREN: Don't worry, he is.
(Closer whining.)
MALCOLM: Get in!
(Grunt of jumping, sliding door, KAREN cries out)
KAREN: Ow!
LUCIE MILLER: What?
KAREN: Cut my shin open.
(Shots from large gun.)
LUCIE MILLER: I think it's safe to say it could have been worse.
(Build up of power.)
MALCOLM: Targeting, and fire!
(Shots of laser gun. MALCOLM laughs. Sealing of hatch.)
MALCOLM: That'll give 'em something to think about.
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks. I'm Lucie. And this is K...
KAREN: Malcolm.
MALCOLM: Hello, Karen. Long time, no see.
KAREN: It's only been a few weeks.
MALCOLM: Really? Feels like longer. A lot longer.

(Two knocks.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello?
(Three knocks.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm looking for Human Resources. Am I in the right place?
(Trying locked door. Sonic screwdriver. Walking forwards.)
JERRY: Erm, what are you doing here?
THE DOCTOR: Opening up this lock with my sonic screwdriver.
JERRY: Hey. How come you've got that? I didn't get one of those.
THE DOCTOR: Really? I think there's some left in the supply cupboard, if you look.
(Door unlocks, sonic screwdriver stops.)
THE DOCTOR: Aha.
(Door opens. Whine of power.)
JERRY: What's that?
THE DOCTOR: Looks like some kind of dimensional corridor. But to where? There's an easy way to find out, I suppose. Bye.
JERRY: Bye.
(Door closed. Instant whizzing transportation to echoed building.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello? Anyone home?
(Walking forwards. Water rushing like a toilet. Door opens.)
TODD HULBERT: Oh. Afternoon. I - I didn't hear you come in. Mm, er, could you bear with me a moment?
THE DOCTOR: Sure.
(Whine, buzzing of machinery.)
TODD HULBERT: Ah. You must be a client.
THE DOCTOR: How can you tell?
TODD HULBERT: My Palm Pilot's got a built-in scanner. I can tell in a couple of seconds whether somebody's human, or extra-terrestrial.
THE DOCTOR: I see.
TODD HULBERT: No offence meant. It's just that sometimes I've mistaken an interviewee for a client, and started rambling on to them about planetary conquest. Which can be a little bit sticky. I'm sure you can appreciate.

THE DOCTOR: Absolutely. I'm afraid I don't have an appointment.
TODD HULBERT: Absolutely fine. I've got a window right now as it happens, and I'm not in the business of turning business away. Sorry, the name's Todd Hulbert. Good to meet you. Won't you sit down?
THE DOCTOR: Thank you.
(Movement of object.)
THE DOCTOR: Is this London?
TODD HULBERT: Yes. I used to be based in Ipswich. But when somebody's come half-way across the galaxy for a business lunch, they don't want to have it in Ipswich.
THE DOCTOR: Understandable.
TODD HULBERT: Have you been here before?
THE DOCTOR: No. First time.
TODD HULBERT: It's amazing - when I started out I didn't expect any of the clients to know the first thing about Earth, but half of them have been here before on the QT, and the other half have picked up our TV in deep space and break into impressions of Del Boy and Rodney at the slightest provocation. Can I get you coffee?
THE DOCTOR: Lovely jubbly.

LUCIE MILLER: So how long have you been down here?
MALCOLM: Hard to tell exactly. Wasn't long after I got fired.
KAREN: He used to be the boss, before Jerry.
MALCOLM: I still can't believe they promoted him. I'd have thought Patricia would come in after me.
KAREN: Oh, you know what people like Jerry are like, building little empires.
LUCIE MILLER: What is this place?
MALCOLM: I'm not sure. There's some kind of war going on out here. We've been involved, all of us.
KAREN: How?
MALCOLM: When I got out, I started to think about what I ... what I've been doing in there. It all seemed really normal, didn't it?
KAREN: Yeah.
MALCOLM: But those things we were in, now I've seen them from the outside. We were guiding them, helping them destroy stuff. All that out there - the rubble, the burning jungles - the machines have been doing that.
KAREN: I don't understand, though. How can we have been inside those machines all this time? How do we get there from home every day?
MALCOLM: Think about it. When did you last go home?
KAREN: Can't remember.
MALCOLM: We never went. We just thought we did. The days went on and on.
LUCIE MILLER: Where did you sleep, though? What did you eat?
MALCOLM: We must have slept at our desks. Food - we had sandwiches delivered. Maybe they slipped us - I don't know - nutrients or something. I'm pretty sure the tea and coffee was drugged. Since you got out we've been scavenging, and there's not a lot about.
KAREN: Who's "we"?
MALCOLM: Me and a couple of people from the Reading office - James and Donna. They went out to look for food a couple of days ago. I really do hope to see them again.
LUCIE MILLER: If the regional bosses are brainwashed just like everybody else, who's doing the brainwashing?
MALCOLM: Oh, I'm pretty sure it's your man himself - Todd Hulbert.

(Cup put down.)
THE DOCTOR: Thank you. Don't you have any support staff here?
TODD HULBERT: Not at this end. It'd be a bit awkward, so I pretty much run everything myself. So, tell me what your needs are.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, well, I got into trouble with the authorities back home. Ended up exiled. I'm completely cut off, without friends or protection.
TODD HULBERT: So you're looking to launch some sort of revenge attack?
THE DOCTOR: It's more that under the current administration I can't go home again, and they're making life very uncomfortable for some of my old associates.
TODD HULBERT: A military coup, then?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I like the sound of that.
TODD HULBERT: What's the planet?
THE DOCTOR: Gallifrey.
(Writing this down.)
TODD HULBERT: Gallifrey.
THE DOCTOR: Are you familiar with it?
TODD HULBERT: Er, I haven't come across it.
THE DOCTOR: So can you do it?
TODD HULBERT: Sure, sure. We've handled work like that before. Although I'm afraid all my resources are tied up on Lonsis until the end of next month at least. We're engineering a client's expansion plan programme.
THE DOCTOR: Sounds interesting. What does that involve?
TODD HULBERT: Oh, it's the bulk of what we handle. A client will have run out of living space or resources on their own planet, and they'll be looking to expand.
THE DOCTOR: Onto other planets.
TODD HULBERT: Right. Of course, the best planets are generally taken, so we lay the ground work.
THE DOCTOR: Getting rid of who lives there already. I see. What form exactly does this army take?
TODD HULBERT: (Laugh) Well, that's our USB. What I've got is a squad of combat machines to execute operations. A big deal, right? A lot of suppliers can offer you that. But other operators' machines are pretty much all controlled one of three ways: computers, remote or fully crewed.
THE DOCTOR: Right...
TODD HULBERT: Now, even the best computers, the absolute top-of-the-range artificial intelligences, can only be created within certain parameters.
THE DOCTOR: Mm?
TODD HULBERT: Then there's remote control. But if the enemy manages to scramble your transmissions, your combat avatar will be left standing there like an absolute lemon, and there'll be nothing you can do.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I don't want that.
TODD HULBERT: So that leaves fully crewed. Difficult to recruit because of the personal risk. It's expensive. You don't get the best people. And the turnover's high. Slave labour's an option, but by its nature it isn't very motivated.
THE DOCTOR: So what's your answer?
TODD HULBERT: What I do is to bring in people from non-military backgrounds, and translate the work of operating a heavy-duty combat machine into something they're used to doing.
THE DOCTOR: Working in an office like this, you mean.
TODD HULBERT: Yah, yah. The inside of each machine looks like a regular office, and all the computer terminals are linked up to the machine's systems.
THE DOCTOR: Right. I noticed some mental processing equipment over there. So I presume you process them not to notice the unusual aspects of what they're doing, so when they think they're attending a strategy meeting they're actually attending ... well, a different sort of strategy meeting.
TODD HULBERT: You're catching on. A lot of the language is equally applicable. I interview them down here. If they're suitable, they get the processing, and I send them through the portal in the next room - which can send them directly to the inside of any of the combat machines.
THE DOCTOR: And back again, presumably?
TODD HULBERT: If necessary, yah. Not that it's generally necessary.
THE DOCTOR: It's quite ingenious.
TODD HULBERT: Oh, I can't take all the credit. The operation was set up by another gentleman not of this world. I say gentleman. To be more precise, he was a sort of lizard.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, so it's not human technology. But *you* are human, aren't you?
TODD HULBERT: Oh ... (Laugh) Yah, yah. Ex-employee of the system actually, but I shook off the conditioning. I had to broaden my horizons pretty quick. I mean, you must be aware that Earth's had pretty limited contact with extra-terrestrials. I certainly had no idea. But I looked to my options, and decided to execute ... well, call it a hostile takeover.
THE DOCTOR: You shook off the conditioning?
TODD HULBERT: There was a loophole in it. I've closed it now. Nothing to worry about there, won't happen again.
THE DOCTOR: Doesn't anybody down here ever ask after the people you employ?

TODD HULBERT: I've got tricks to deflect attention away. Actually I've found that if somebody gets a job in London and moves away to seek their fortune, their friends generally aren't surprised when they never hear from them again. Still interested?
THE DOCTOR: Very much so.

JERRY: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah, that's fine. Yeah. What? Well, we...
(Door opened.)
JERRY: Be with you in one second.
THE HEADHUNTER: Okay. Second's up.
(Walking in. Gun moved.)
JERRY: What's the meaning of this?
THE HEADHUNTER: I'll tell you what the meaning of this is. The meaning of this is that I've just been told by one of your admin lackeys that earlier this afternoon you fired the new girl whom I went to great lengths to track down and bring into this company.
JERRY: Oh, you mean Lucie.
THE HEADHUNTER: I do. Is this an accurate summary, or do you have anything to add?
JERRY: She talked back to me.
THE HEADHUNTER: Oh! I see. I wish I had more time to talk back to you as I have a fair few things I'd like to say, but as it's much more important that I find her, I'll save them for later.
(Walking out. Door closed.)

THE DOCTOR: So what are your rates, Mr Hulbert?
TODD HULBERT: If you can provide some information on the scale of the operation I'll prepare a quote for you. So...
(Bleep from computer.)
TODD HULBERT: Er, what time is it?
THE DOCTOR: Half past four.
TODD HULBERT: Right, yes. Yeah, look, I'm afraid I've got to dash. There's a function for prospective clients on Lonsis.
THE DOCTOR: Where is Lonsis?
TODD HULBERT: Not all that far from here, actually. That job's taken up all my resources for just about a year now, but it's very nearly done. So I'm letting people know I'm available for new business. And I want to show them the finished product, as it were. I'm pleased with how it's gone, very pleased. Come along, if you like.
THE DOCTOR: But there are still hostilities. It won't be dangerous?
TODD HULBERT: No. No, no, no, no. I've got a viewing platform with water-tight defences. We'll be completely safe.
THE DOCTOR: Ah well, then, yes, I'd very much like to.
TODD HULBERT: I ... I'm sorry ... I don't think I caught your name.
THE DOCTOR: My name ... isn't pronounceable in your language, sorry.
TODD HULBERT: It happens.
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Call me Doctor.

LUCIE MILLER: This is a weird gun. Where did you get it?
MALCOLM: Off the others.
KAREN: Others?
MALCOLM: The other side. The ones we've been fighting.
LUCIE MILLER: They gave you it?
MALCOLM: God, no! To them we're the enemy. Everything we've got down here, we looted off the bodies.
KAREN: Oh, that's a bit harsh.
MALCOLM: We weren't chuckling away to ourselves when we did it. We've nearly died out here, all of us.
KAREN: Yeah. Sorry, Malc.
MALCOLM: No, it's okay.
LUCIE MILLER: What about the shelter? Was this theirs too?
MALCOLM: Yeah, I think so.
LUCIE MILLER: What else do you know about them?
MALCOLM: They're losing.

(Squeaking and grunting of aliens. Door slides open.)
THE DOCTOR: Smooth ride.
TODD HULBERT: So I'm told. Not that I've got much to compare it to. I haven't done anywhere near as much travelling as I'd like. I've just been way, way too busy.
(Walking out.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh, so this is Lonsis.
TODD HULBERT: It certainly is.
THE DOCTOR: Bit of a dump, isn't it? Who wants it?
TODD HULBERT: One man's dump is another man's unexploited reserve of mineral wealth. Anyway, war tends to do that to a place. It will recover. But right now it's rather like looking at a house when you're half-way through cleaning out the dry rot.
THE DOCTOR: You do have a way with an analogy, Mr Hulbert. So why has this been such a big job?
TODD HULBERT: The residents are a tenacious bunch. I couldn't scare them off. They're hanging on to the bitter end.
THE DOCTOR: I suppose you have to respect that.
TODD HULBERT: Yah ... in a way, but it's still annoying.
THE DOCTOR: Who were your clients on this?
TODD HULBERT: You'll get to talk to them later. They're over there. We're signing the handover papers today.
THE DOCTOR: Did they have any particular - I don't know - grudge against the people of Lonsis? Is this payback for some act of aggression?
TODD HULBERT: Not that I know of. And I do ask, because it's always more complicated if there's bad blood. Always. Actually, speaking of which, these people who exiled *you*. They're not former clients of mine, were they?
THE DOCTOR: No. Not that I know of anyway.
TODD HULBERT: Good. Because I've got a policy on that. I do prefer simple jobs.
THE DOCTOR: And this is one of those? They didn't do anything to your clients?
TODD HULBERT: No. If you'll excuse me, I should go and talk to those guys.
THE DOCTOR: Don't let me detain you.
(Walking off.)

(Office telephone ring. Bleep.)
TODD HULBERT: (phone) Hi, this is Todd Hulbert's office phone. I'm not available, but I want to hear what you've got to say. Try my mobile or leave a message.
(Bleep.)
THE HEADHUNTER: (phone) Todd? I tried your mobile, it's switched off. Please call me when you get this. I - I'm back on Lonsis and I've just discovered that Lucie Miller has been ejected from Telford, thanks to that dunce you put in charge. I'm heading out in my pod to get her back before she falls into enemy hands, but it's not my fault if she dies. Understood?

(Alien chattering voices.)
TODD HULBERT: Excuse me, everyone. Excuse me. Thank you all for coming to our little event today. I'm really glad you could all make it. I'm keen to keep this nice and informal. You'll just be able to get an idea of how we operate and what the end result is. A few previous clients have been good enough to attend, and...
(Explosion outside causing alarmed alien chattering.)
TODD HULBERT: Excuse me.
(Mobile phone used.)
TODD HULBERT: What's happening? ... Right. But we're still solid here, yeah? ... So. Get Swindon onto it, and Telford if possible. ... Yeah, definitely. Okay.
(Mobile phone disconnection.)
TODD HULBERT: Okay guys, there's a minor insurgency outside the platform. We think they've been waiting for me to arrive! But there's really absolutely nothing to worry about. The defences we've got here are rock solid, and ... well, the insurgents aren't what they were, put it that way.
(Concerned sounds from the aliens.)
TODD HULBERT: And actually, this is a great opportunity for you to see the combat operation in action, first-hand. Oh, sorry, where was I? Oh, yeah, yeah. We've got a few of our previous clients in attendance. Now, feel free to get their testimony. I'm sure they've only got good things to say. Right, guys? A-and of course, feel free to ask me or any company employees if you've

got any questions about the operation. And well ... just enjoy yourselves.
(Nearer explosion. More alarmed commotion. Mobile phone dialled.)
TODD HULBERT: What happened? Where's our defences? ... From the inside? How could they have been?
THE DOCTOR: Lowered from the inside. Easy. I did it.
TODD HULBERT: You did what?
THE DOCTOR: I lowered your defences. Seemed a bit unfair on the other lot, really. Thought I'd give them a sporting chance.
TODD HULBERT: What the hell did you do that for?
THE DOCTOR: Because I've decided that I've seen enough of your operation, enough to decide I don't like it, not even a little bit, and I thought I'd turn the tables.
TODD HULBERT: You don't know what you've done.
THE DOCTOR: I've got a fair idea...
(Marching of metal creatures.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh. Oh no. I didn't know it was them. Why would it be them?
TODD HULBERT: You know them, then?
THE DOCTOR: Far too well.
(Marching stops.)
CYBERMAN: You are the human Todd Hulbert. We know of you. You are responsible for this aggression against the Cybermen. You will cease your invasion of our home world.
THE DOCTOR: I think I may have made an error of judgement.